

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reez

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Freak Show!
by Jami Mills

POETRY: Juliesse/Writer

The Follower

by VV #007

If Cat Boccaccio

Art Box

by Amy Inawe (SJW) and Frankie Rockett



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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **Art Box** Our esteemed contributor, Amy Inawe (SJW), teams up with Frankie Rockett to describe Frankie's and Violet Sweetwater's unique art installation, one that actually places you into the center of many of the world's classic paintings.
- **The Follower** New author, VV #007 (whose writing style will seem strangely familiar to our regular readers), suggests that if you're lonely and need a friend, don't get a dog, get a Follower.
- **If** Cat Boccaccio, whose writing style is spectacularly economical, pens a heartfelt and personal story about what we teach our children to believe, and how precious is their innocence.
- **Divorce** DearsLuv Writer helps us understand the shattering effects of hearts not broken, but torn and shredded.
- **Diary of an Ex-Suburban Housewife, Written From Exile in the Midwest** Our very own Jullianna Juliesse reports from her new home in America's heartland.

About the Cover: The tent poles are packed up, the pachyderms bathed and fed, the bearded lady and lion tamer fast asleep. The circus is on its way out of town. We're especially sorry to see this one go, the brainchild of Iliana Cerise and Kitty, who sure do know how to throw a party.



~~Metaverse~~ FOLLOWER

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SPECIAL OFFER

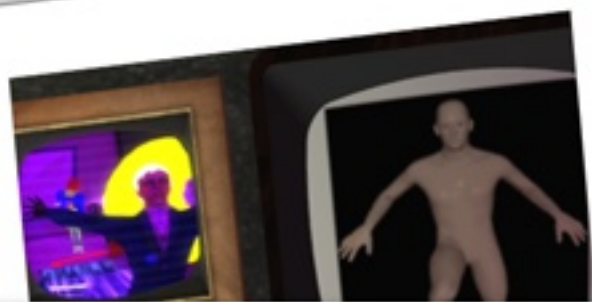
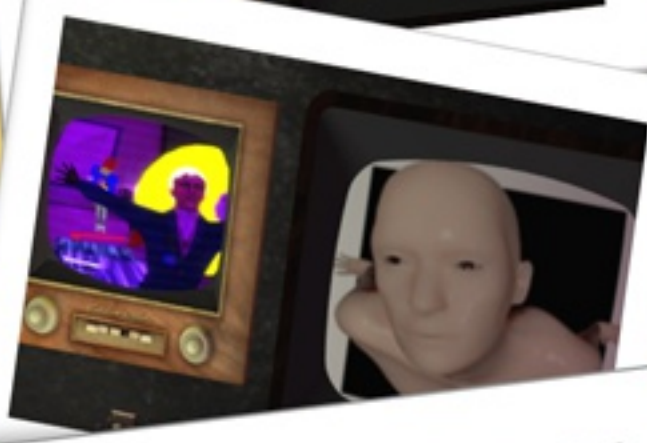
FOR READERS OF REZ MAGAZINE:

A follower for a day: 1,000 Linden

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WIDER RESORT PLAYGROUND



Each month this year we are including one of the months from Molly Bloom's 2017 calendar, which was produced by Art Blue, with the help of Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to many well-respected museums around the world in his single-handed effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

Molly Bloom 2017
The Queen is Not Amused



art direction/photography: jami mills
production: art blue



“Television sure has come a long way, from the vast wasteland it once was. But one thing was undeniable about the TV of yesteryear: it brought families together for a night of fun and relaxation. Molly captures that gathering of spirits with her frolicking ‘TV Night.’” Jami Mills

October

tv night



“Catch the popcorn ScoobyDoo9” says grandpa at:

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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29	30	31				



201710.
immersivia.com





SHOW

by Jami Mills



They're at it again. Iliana Cerise and Kitty (aka Vinje Resident) are the best kept secret on the grid, putting on the best parties that I can recall (and I have an excellent memory!). This time, they explored the pungent underworld of the Addington's Circus freak show, as the banner emblazoned across the tawdry big top promises. And it's a promise delivered.



A beautiful brunette is guided by a

monkey (in a monkey suit no less) with

a director's bull horn. A living doll (and she's a doll in every sense of the word), replete with plastic joints and her legs akimbo, poses in front of the entrance, perhaps hoping for a call back. A freakish fat clown with a handful of red balloons is enough to scare the bejesus out of you (no thanks to the current hit movie, *It*).

animals. A hefty blue elephant waltzes around a mangy lion, which looks like something out of the Central Park Zoo. The lion seems unperturbed by the comely trainer with whip and stool, pausing at one point to take a brief nap. An even scarier clown (our cover boy this month) in a pink cape hovers near the numerous booths, one featuring



You can almost smell the circus Zoltan the Cat, who is poised to read





Iliana, resplendent in her cardinal red circus attire and black top hat, has a knack of finding the most atmospheric music from some dusty archive. As she stands in front of a decidedly modern mixing board, her entire mix is thrilling and completes the magic. You really **are** at the circus thanks to her imaginative set. And standing next to her, in his pint-sized glory, is her partner in crime, Kitty, who, like Iliana, sports a smart and fashionable top hat, with a “Sinners Are Winners” button on his chest. These two are the brainchild of “Freak Show,” a phenomenal follow-up to some of their most memorable parties (see the July 2017 issue of *rez* for the cover story about another of their crazy affairs, Space Party).



Stealing my heart were two little mice
(I swear I've seen them somewhere



before), one in a brilliantly colored, adorable clown suit with candy cane hat, and her mate, in a bright red circus master suit (cut from the same cloth as Iliana's fancy outfit). It's hard not to be transfixed by the beautiful lady in a gold and silver corset, with thigh high black leather boots and magnificent shimmering golden wings that dazzle everyone within sight. As I study her face, I'm mesmerized by gold and black netting mask exquisitely painted on her face. Everyone really put their hearts into their costumes for the evening, adding to the immense fun.

I enter a small tent with a black cat who's giving "paw readings," promising to reveal all nine of your previous lives. I can't help but notice a much larger feline on the dance floor, whose bright blue neko face perfectly complements the red top hat. (I now think I need to get a top hat, pronto.) And Mr. Blue's date for the night is wearing an even more brilliantly festooned costume, with black pants emblazoned with turquoise stars and a kaleidoscope of colors swirling around as in *The Starry Night*, all of which offsets her Hamilton-esque red wig.







Being the wandering spirit I am, I sneak off into a side tent with a giant squid dressed in a natty brown jacket. Never has snuggling with a squid felt quite so natural, as he looked at me with those large, sad cephalopod eyes. Did I tell you we have identical eye coloring? I think I might be in love. It wasn't easy tearing me away from him. (What's his name? Where's he from?) I'm back on the main dance floor, with the crowd now whipping into a complete frenzy by Iliana's mix. I notice out of the corner of my eye that the red head doll has now wrapped her legs around the Blue Elephant's trunk and, well.....never mind.

I was fortunate to catch up with Kitty after the party, who was generous with his time and explained a little bit about the show.

JM: Thank you Kitty for your time this evening. Kitty, you and Iliana really outdid yourself with Freak Show. How long have you had this theme in mind?

K: Well, recently i had one idea but it included streaming a movie, which I'm not sure how to do. So i threw this idea out at Iliana and she once again took up the challenge. Well, she thought it was a challenge but it was easy peasy for her! So the only wait was Iliana coming up with her playlist, which she did pretty fast.

JM: I am simply amazed about the variety of booths and fun installations. Have you been collecting them for long?

K: I was kinda surprised at how much I had in my inventory (haha). I purrrchased a few things for the show but not many.

JM: Iliana did such an amazing job with the music. She's a phenomenal DJ, isn't she?

K: Oh! She is amazing, but don't tell anyone. I don't want anyone to steal her away! (Make sure you mention what a rotten DJ she is (hehe).

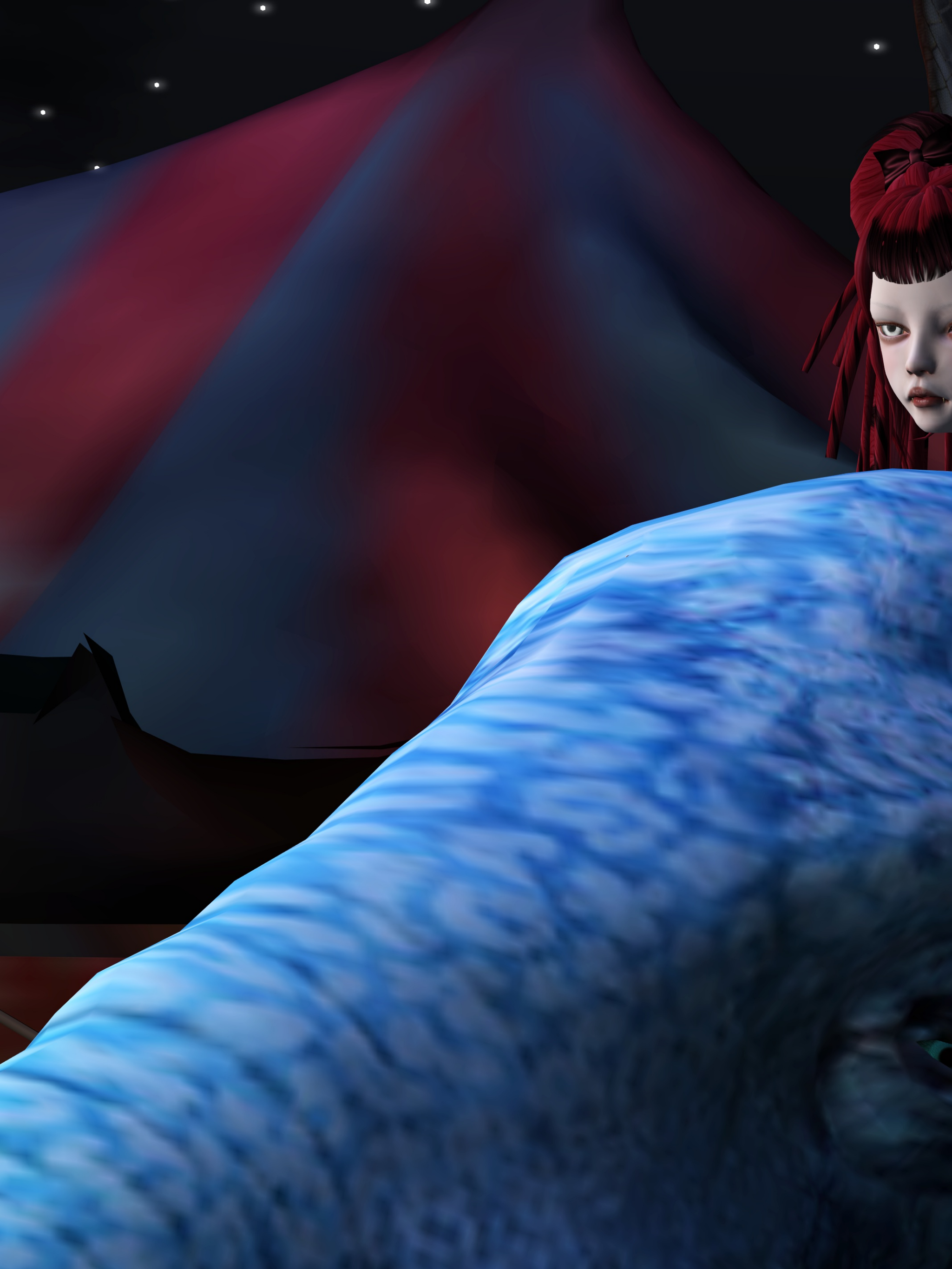
JM: Each of you perfectly complements the other. You both find exquisite accompaniment for the theme of the evening.

K: We are an amazing team! We're like peaches and cream, like bread and butter! Cookies and milk...Bert and Ernie!

JM: Half the fun at your events is the people watching. They really got into the spirit of the evening. This is what happens when you set such a fun tone. Everyone gets into the act! That must bring you great pleasure to see that support.

K: That is an understatement! The









people that come to our events are truly what make the events a hit! They are all very creative, fun and kind people. If you came to our event not knowing a soul, you will leave not feeling alone! Several people IM'd me that night to tell me that was the most fun event they had ever been to in SL, and THAT alone is a remarkable thing to hear!

JM: A little bird told me that you and Iliana are going to have a Halloween event. That doesn't give you much time to prepare. Will you be ready?

K: Oh, we will be ready. Iliana is the

one who needs the most time to prepare her play list. I, on the other hand, can whip a set together faster than coughing up a hairball...tmi? We are really excited for our Halloween event. I know it's one of the busiest times in SL, but i think we will still get a good crowd!

JM: Finally, what is the most gratifying part of putting these parties together?

K: I think I speak for Iliana also when i say it's bringing joy to our community here in SL. My sim, St John, has a really nice community, and that has given me the idea to bring people together for these fun and unique events.

As the evening draws to a close, Iliana announces to the enthusiastic crowd of party goers that she and Kitty already have the next party under way: a ghastly, ghoulish and ghostly Halloween party. Please do yourself a favor and leave yourself a reminder not to miss this next party, which promises to be as wild and imaginative an affair as Space Party and Freak Show. I can all but guarantee it.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



ART BOX

Article by Amy Inawe (SJW)
in collaboration with
Frankie Rockett



photos by Frankie Rockett and Amy Inawe

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Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be the subject of a masterpiece? I could not tell you how that would feel, but Frankie Rockett and Violet Sweetwater have created a place where you can see exactly what it would look like.

One of my favorite pastimes is frequenting art galleries late at night, in the off hours. I blast my music and get lost in the art, in the experience. Usually this is done in Secondlife as most real life gallery owners don't encourage nocturnal visits.

One night, not too long ago, I was consulting the Secondlife destination guide and came across Art Box. The destination guide said "Art Box is a place that fully recreates over 90 famous photos and paintings in 3D so your avatar can be the star." That sounded very interesting to me so I headed right over.

You teleport into the first floor of a 3-story building. There is not much on that floor beyond a teleporter, located to the left of the lighthouse tip jar (that I can see at least). There you can choose the second or third floor.

Landing on your chosen floor you will see several rows of displays with the images that you can pick from. (I felt like a kid in a candy shop). You click whichever image you want to be a part



of and will be teleported to the set. You will see the set (the build of the scene from the painting), and one or more pose-balls, and you may see a box of 'props' - optional objects to wear or hold to make you look more like the original art - if you wish to use them. Now it is all up to you. Let your creative juices flow.

I was totally immersed and enchanted by the experience. I won't tell you how many hours I spent that first night. I started trying to faithfully recreate the



original artworks the best I could with my outfits and the framing angle of the pictures I took. Soon I realized that I could change the angles and get a fresh perspective on the piece. The possibilities seemed endless.

I took many pictures that first night, at first just jumping into the single person images. I returned several times in the next few days, eventually bringing a friend. It was a fun way to spend time together and also allowed me to get to recreate the classic "American Gothic"

(originally by Grant Wood).

I was so captivated by the Art Box experience, I started wondering about its history and absently thought, "I wish I could speak to the creators." It took me a few days to remember that I was a writer: I thought that it would be fun to learn more about Art Box and that it might make an interesting article.

I reached out to Frankie Rockett and Violet Sweetwater, the creators and curators of Art Box. I wanted to see if they would be interested in having an article written about their project (having already run the idea by the ever-encouraging publisher of *rez Magazine*, Jami Mills, who expressed interest). I had no idea about the remarkable history nor reputation of the installation being a relative latecomer to Secondlife myself. Frankie was very open to the idea and was kind enough to allow me to interview him as well. He has been a treat to work with in my researching of the article. Violet Sweetwater is still very supportive of Art Box but I am told she does not do interviews.

It seems that many people have taken notice of this wonderful art installation before me. This includes Elizabeth Broun, past Director of the Smithsonian Museum of American Art. Early on, she noticed and then



Only 5¢

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passionately advocated for the Art Box project. She said, "The potential of Art Box to impact positively upon knowledge, creativity, and creative collaboration is unlimited."

Frankie Rockett and Violet Sweetwater created one set in 2009. It was completely innovative, allowing people (through their avatars) to be featured in some famous (and some not so famous) artworks. They provide the set, the poseball and in some cases the distinctive props featured. For example, in "American Gothic" you are given the outfit tops of the couple as well as a pitchfork. Over the course of the next five years they created 80 of the current 90 works of art.

Art Box is now at its new location on the 'Missing Beckett' sim graciously hosted by Ted Floresby, who Frankie calls a true patron of the virtual arts. (<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Missing%20Beckett/14/225/21>) It had been located on the most southwesterly sim of SL's mainland for eight or nine years, on the Klaw sim. After that, it moved to Missing Beckett, where it still remains. It was also duplicated in the free virtual world of OSGrid (osgrid.org).

AI: Tell me about the genesis of Art box. Was it an "aha" moment? Was the idea tied to recreating one specific painting or photograph?

FR: I was creating a lot of Machinima - producing video inside SL. It was all commissioned work. I worked contract for big companies like IBM, HBO, Intel, Reebok and so on. When the work dried up, I found that I missed more than the money; I missed the film making - the creative process. Then one day the penny dropped that I didn't need a client to make a film, and indeed I could dispense with the commercial message and make a simple beautiful film instead. For some un-recountable reason I chose to 'go inside' Edward Hopper's Nighthawks - and so I built that set. After the filming, I wondered what to do with the set, so I put it out on some spare

land I had for people to play with. They played, they loved it, and more and more people came - word of mouth - to play on it. That was the "aha!" moment. We built more, and it started to become the place that so many would come to love as one of the famous destinations to play in Second Life!

AI: Tell me more about Art Box.

FR: We created these mini-films for Youtube, each about a minute or so long, they are just one version (my version) of how the moods of each piece might be interpreted. I also made the entire thing as an interactive DVD.





**in the future
everybody will
be world famous
for fifteen minutes.**

Andy Warhol

It later got reformulated as a full-length video of about 80 minutes' duration and was shown at a couple of real-world arts festivals in London. I liked the idea that the real world art had entered into SL and had been reinterpreted in Art Box, then Art Box was taken back out of the virtual and into the real world again to be displayed in yet another form. I enjoyed the idea of its "round trip"!

AI: How long until you made another one? What was it?

FR: I honestly don't remember the sequence of what came second, third and so on, but I guess it took a month or two before we turned our attention back to the Nighthawks set and decided to make it a few brothers and sisters.

Once we started that process, we found it so utterly rewarding that it became an end in itself. We've always been open to suggestions and we've built some wonderful pieces (I'm thinking of Hokusai's "People Crossing an Arched Bridge") in response to the requests of others, but our primary drive has always been to please ourselves. I think every artist of integrity needs to work that way. If something you create happens to be a crowd pleaser, then that's a joyful side effect of doing your own thing.

AI: Tell me about yourself. Do you have a background in art?

FR: My career has been in Design - a mix of technical and aesthetic design, often in the same projects. I worked for many years at a major arts organization in various roles from lecturing to research. For the last decade or so I've worked full time as an artist.

AI: Do you have a favorite artist? What about a favorite piece of art? Have you recreated it?

FR: If you'd asked me that a month ago, I'd have said it's too hard and too artificial to get it down to one favourite. However, since then, I've been working on a personal project that actually required me to do what you're now asking - to make a list of favourite artists. I still can't get it down to just one though, so I'd have to mention René Magritte, Joan Miro, Edward Hopper from the traditional mainstream and add in a few wild cards like HR Giger, Isabelle Van Zeijl, and of course Banksy.

AI: How do you go about making an Art Box set?

FR: The primary consideration is "will the finished piece work regardless of how the avatar dresses?" A great many paintings depend entirely on the look of the sitter for you to recognize what



they are, so we had to be careful to ensure the background and foreground and any props we created were sufficient to cue the observer about which artwork was being referenced. Then the avatar can dress in a way that compliments it, or that goes wildly against the grain, but it will still work. Another consideration - perhaps that goes without saying - is that we should care about the artwork - like it

maybe, or at least see its potential, or enjoy the challenge of translating it into a usable Art Box set. Think of Zeebegen for example - it's an abstract!"How are we going to slip an avatar into that?" - was the question. As you'll know if you've visited it, we turned it into a giant climbing wall with lots of places avatars can climb, push, pull or just hang - literally.

AI: The poses are wonderful and do so much to make the recreations so uncanny, do you create the poses yourself as well?

FR: The poses are all 100% Violet. She has an uncanny (sorry, I had to borrow your word because you nailed it) knack for pinpointing the essence of the original figures in a way that an avatar can inhabit easily and the pose or gesture is instantly recognizable. She understands form. I think she'd have made a great sculptor.

AI: Are you still currently making new

Art Box sets?

FR: There haven't been any new Art Box sets in approximately the last five years, so I think it should be seen now as a complete and completed body of work, a legacy that we created and left for a new generation of avatars to discover anew and of course to reinvent in their own images. The building may be over but the excitement of that part - seeing what new things people will do with it, continues to delight us.

AI: How many Art Box sets do you have?

FR: I lost count. We made more than are currently on display. Some had to get redacted for various reasons. For example, we have an interactive Jackson Pollock where you can throw small, medium or large blobs of various colours of paint at a canvas and it randomizes the placement and orientation of each splash, so you get to build up your own Pollock layer by layer and of course photograph yourself doing it. It's so much fun, but it doesn't play well in a laggy sim, so that one has been stored away for special occasions. So to get back to your question, I estimate we have about 85 sets in Art Box now.

AI: What does art mean to you in your life?

FR: It's pretty much central. You mustn't overstate it, though; nothing is "everything" no matter how enticing or romantic such sweeping statements may sound. Nevertheless, life would be pretty unimaginable without it: colourless, soulless and monolithic.

AI: Where can we see more about Art Box?

FR: It features on my personal art website here:

<http://www.frankierockett.com/art.htm#section4>

On YouTube:

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC-8wC53flK20X_MY5hMrT9w

There's a playlist on that page for Art Box, or scroll over the word to get the 'Play All' fly-out. Or just dip into it wherever you like - it's all listed there.

There's also the original Art Box microsite online here:

<http://www.advancedvirtual.com/artbox/>

Art Box in Secondlife:

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Missing%20Beckett/14/225/21>

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photography
jami mills





The Followe

by VV #00



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07

What makes a good story? I think it is one you believe in, one you say instantly, "That can be me" - or even better, "This is what I want to be." All you have to do is to apply and get accepted. Remember the time when your mother said, "Kid, get your ass to work. You're old enough to make your own money."

I do and I make my own money. I get paid.

I was accepted as a followver. You think what a plain and flat telling will follow, one with low relevance, as there are millions on Facebook desperately trying to collect more followers than others, so how shall I become the one all others look up to, glorify my name, a name the marketing industry begs to sign a contract for their product placement? You think to skip this story in *rez Magazine*? You are about to page forward? Don't do it as I met The Gods. And this makes the story special. I say, "The story." In fact, there are endless ones to tell. It shall be the first ever told. The story is not the first in time, as the timeline reaches back to times where you might barely believe time even exists. I know you believe in the excavation in Egypt, the time where the Pharaohs ruled. The pyramids are a fact - - they exist. Humans have written history and scientists have worked out some

meaning you believe in. Pharaoh Amasis ruled from 570 to 526 BC. There was the first known followver named Erva Re. He engraved the scarab on the chest of Pharaoh Tutankhamun, son of Re, so there is proof for existence. The scientists don't understand the language engraved in the Great Sand Sea Glass. All they can say is that the distribution of iridium inside the scarab, the code, is not natural and not human made. You remember the story "The code is in the Rain" in *rez Magazine*, where Art Blue used seganography to hide messages? The code to get reborn is in pictures of raindrops. This is the artistic version. The message of the followver in old times is coded in an iridium matrix in the scarab crystal that was placed on the chest of this famous Pharaoh. It was discovered in 1922 by the English archaeologist Howard Carter. Recently, the scarab underwent a spectrometric analysis where the codes in dots of iridium were discovered. The three dimensional matrix has all the stories reaching back until the time of the last pharaoh of Egyptian origin, Pharaoh Amasis. All the stories of the Pharaohs that Erva Re followed are coded there. The amount of data is more than the petabyte of storage units that Facebook has collected so far - if you believe in the book, *Not Sand, Not Sound*, which I read as an early buyer. I am not sure if I believe; however, I have a business running in which I believe. So back to

business.

I am a follower in Facebook times, as I make a living out of this. I don't need a God beyond Mark Zuckerberg. For me, he is God enough. I go with Marty in *OZARK* that money is a measurement tool. What did Marty Byrde say about money being the third option in life, when he cleaned the money for the Mexican drug dealer, who goes in the highly rated Netflix series *OZARK* by the name Omar Navarro?

... I think most people just have a fundamentally flawed view of money. Money as a measuring device. You see, the hard reality is how much money we accumulate in life is not a function of who's president or the economy or bubbles bursting or bad breaks or bosses. It is about the American work ethic. The one that made us the greatest country on Earth. It's about bucking the media's opinion as to what constitutes a good parent. Deciding to miss the ball game, the play, the concert, because you've resolved to



Marty Byrde: *“Let me propose a third option:*

work and invest in your family's future. And taking responsibility for the consequences of those actions.

Patience. Frugality. Sacrifice. When you boil it down, what do those three things have in common? Those are choices. Money is not peace of mind. Money's not happiness. Money is, at its essence ... That measure of a man's choices."

Yeah, you see that counts for a man, but take it, it counts for all who apply as a followver.

I don't need any drugs. Mark Zuckerberg is all I need to give praise to. I am a followver. I need a number like each traveller needs one. Traveler 3326 you might have heard of. The historian sent by The Director back in time to publish the book *Not Sand, Not Sound* in 2017. I am, as I said, one of the first buyers of this book, so I can use the wisdom that's in it. Traveler 3326 states: "Protocol 2: Never jeopardize your cover: Do not call each other by future names." This said, I will not tell you my number and you will not have to tell me yours. But for the application, I faked it and they gave me 007 as my number.

You call your mom and you shout to her, "I found something I can get my ass to run. I will be a followver!" Did you call? She answered, "Thanks to God, you will finally leave the screen and head out for work. Some fresh air will do you good." Did she? Mothers are sometimes smarter than you think.

She just came back from a trip abroad from Ars Electronica in Linz, Austria, meeting there someone in the arts and explored *The Follower*. This way, she got her own picture for your job to come.

Too fast to understand as you don't have such a mother, you are one by yourself and you look for a job? Luckily this story works also for you. But first things first. What was shown at Ars Electronica?

For this, let me give word to the artist Lauren McCarthy and her work *The Follower* that was presented at the School of Art in Linz being placed outside the mainstream, not to be seen in the main hall called POSTCITY.

I copy from the website so you can easily explore and check it out and see where to apply for the job.

GET A FOLLOWER, see at <http://follower.today>

Don't go unnoticed. Follower is a service that grants you a real life Follower for a day. A no-hassle unseen companion, someone that watches, someone that sees you, someone who cares.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

1. Apply to be Followed. If selected,

you will receive a link to an iPhone app. Install it and await your following.

2. You'll be notified the morning of your following. Your Follower will be with you all day—within your consciousness but just beyond your sight—following, observing, appreciating each moment, without interfering.

3. At the end of the day, you will be notified that your following has ended. Your Follower will leave you with one photo to remember.

APPLY TO BE FOLLOWED

Once accepted, you follow someone who carries a smartphone, an iPhone giving GPS coordinates to you, the follower. That is all you need. Somewhere you make a photo and send it to the one you followed. You get your payment for a one day follower. A nice job if the one you follow makes a nice trip, lives in a nice area, rather than a nasty suburb where it stinks, you know what I mean? Or you have to watch your back all the time, you know what I mean? A nice job when you follow Kinky Sandy to Mulholland Drive 10, seeing her entering the well protected condominium, when you show your

Follower

← → ↻ Sicher | <https://follower.today/be-a-follower/#apply> ☆

APPLY TO BE A FOLLOWER

Name # 007

Email 007@followver.com

Why do you want to be a Follower?

I am smart, I am kind, I am the best follower you can get.

Why would you make a good Follower?

I want, so I am. |

SUBMIT

Would you prefer to be Followed?

APPLY HERE

Follower

BEYOND LIMITS

FOLLOWER



Don't go unnoticed. Follower is a service that grants you a real life Follower for a day. A no-hassle unseen companion, someone that watches, someone that sees you, someone who cares.

GET A FOLLOWER

Follower

Follovver

2nd Life

Web

Interests

Picks

Classified

1st Life

Notes

Name: Follovver

Key: cae0876f-847f-45af-8a45-da34732542cb

Online

Born:

09/23/2017
(Joined today)

Account:

Resident
No Payment Info On File

Partner:

None

Groups:

+

About:

All to read in rezmagazine

Give item:

Drop inventory item here.

Find on Map

Offer Teleport

Add Friend

Pay

Instant Message

Block

Find on map:
You know what I mean.

Follower card to the handyman and he lets you in, you know what I mean? I asked you now the third time if you know what I mean. I hope you do. You pin the RFID chip at her fridge so you get a trace of what goes in and what goes out. You are ready for the pizza delivery, you know when it will happen, when Kinky Sandy will call, and she will call you for sure. Then you are the one on the skates, you know what I mean? The ultimate brand Hiro Protagonist is using to never be late? The triggering life outlined in *Snow Crash* waits for you. I hope you have been at one of the readings in *Second Life*, *High Fidelity* or in *opensim*, celebrating the 25th anniversary of Neil Stephenson's novel, where he created the term "Metaverse."

You are not familiar with such worlds and you have never heard of a RFID chip and all such gadgets called Internet of things? But Uber you know, something you have to know to become a follovver. You call for an Uber and you sit in a Mercedes with a minibar as Uber means all inclusive on the ride. This way to be a follower is more fun, as to sit packed with a chicken carrier where the smell is all you can count as all inclusive in Uber. But life is life, now you know what I mean. That's what The Follovver is for. Never give up! Follow! You noticed the different ways for spelling? I am a

follovver, that's beyond the plain follower. The sign of a double victory is embedded, a new wording, same pronunciation. That's me, that's us, the virtual vassals, don't say vampires! It is a term that stands for the American dream. You don't feel that it is the American dream? I skipped the line where Marty Byrde defines it. I just moved to the conclusion. To launder eight Million USD in three months. For this you don't have time to say, "What's Up?" you say, "Sup?" So all it needs for money to have the double VV and to follow you.



BEYOND
FOLLO

VV #007

I sit on my chair, a Recaro SPORTSTER CS, special edition, costed me 5 bucks, yeah 5,000 to be clear. It reacts on a wink, a pilot in the air force would be jealous to have. I oversee the maps. Where is the person I follow? Shall I follow now or later, when to take the picture? I see the sim names. Sim Claressa, a good place to follow to take a shot. I land. To be precise, I teleport in the neighbour sim Penning and set my radar on 1,024 meter. This way I oversee the full area, Claressa included. I see what the one I follow does, to whom he talks, where

she looks. I take my photo so my money box gets filled when my day ends. “Linden Love” it is called, as the money comes tax free.

My mother is (better to say was) not happy when I explained to her my job following people in the Metaverse, to get extra love from my customers when I log their chat. For this I have a long stick, a megaprim, fully transparent and at the end a simple prim with a chat logger script. Extra love, I can die for it, and my mother does now as well. I bought her a brand



new fridge, auto filling by the RFID. It made her very happy. This way I can skip the walk to the grocery store. But I can tell you these times are over. I learned from another book, the one that is often mentioned in *Not Sand, Not Sound*. I will not tell you the title. I need to a keep a bit of distance, the money you know, the American dream. Now I have the files coming in directly from the servers. No need for the stick as a logger. I have dozens of maps open. I follow dozens in parallel. I learned that more than ten customers a day to track is too exhausting. You ask, “Is your screen so tiny that you can open and oversee only ten maps?” No,

my screen is 4K and big and I could handle indeed more - and to stay in the picture of money ...

Money is not peace of mind.

Money's not happiness.

Money is, at its essence ...

That measure of a man's choices.

I tell you a secret. I don't have to clean eight Million USD in three month. For me things are different. I live for quality not quantity. I am a hunter and I like each prey. This job needs full concentration. So at the end of the day I lift my ass out of the Recaro SPORTSTER CS and go hunting for the most promising one I followed for one day. My mom is happy, “Finally you get out for some fresh air ...”

You instantly see there is room for more to tell as the hunt has just started. I spoke with Art Blue about the American dream. What shall I call it? He said, “Call it Stalker 2.0.”

Not sure if everyone will get the idea, not many know even what Web 2.0 means. But I kept this for myself and claimed just the domain stalker2.0.com. You never know ... you know what I mean?

· r — e — z ·

NOT SAND, NOT SOUND

ART BLUE reading

VENUS ADORED & ULTRAVIOLET

performing

At Juliette Surrealdreaming

SURREAL GALLERY

NOVEMBER 2, 2017

1:00 PM SLT

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YEPER



If Cat Boccaccio



When you are a child, you take your life for granted. You know of no other kind of life; you assume all lives are lived like your own. If you have happy parents, all your playmates do. If your father strikes you, all fathers strike their children. If your parents are white, all parents are white. If you have enough to eat, all children do.

If you are only allowed to whisper when your mother or father is in the room, all children are subject to the same rule. If you spend your Saturdays cleaning the corners of the house, where the walls meet and dust gathers, then all children must have these tasks to perform. If your home has no books, no home has books. If you spend one and a half hours at Sunday school each week, then so do your friends. If your pastor scares you so that you sometimes cry silently, inside your head, then it must be so with all pastors.

If the only book you find in your home besides a Bible is a worn paperback book in the drawer of your father's bedside table called *The Lustful Professor*, then all fathers have secret reading. If this book is confusing and strange, then all books are such.

If you find a friend who is as lonely and isolated as you are, then all children find such saviours. If you come to understand that your life is not the same as other children, then all children learn to rise above the circumstances of their life.

And if you want your voice to be heard, so do all the people in all the world.

D i v o r c e

By DearstLuv Writer

It was MORE than enough!
Boundaries repeatedly crossed
in vicious confrontations.
Leaving only sad debris
of a past and precious life.

Insanity replaced the once typical.
Chaos... took quickly, the daily control.
Stress... pounded a violent path
to total and final devastation.

Firmly, I stood my soured ground...
Watching...my world collapse
like a twisted carnival tent...
in an unrelenting storm.
folding down... smothering
.....all that once was.

And I walked away....
Pushed it aside...
Took my pride....
Faced the world..
without committed boundaries.



CAT'S BEACH GALLERY

(Mature)

Cat Boccaccio

Diary of an ex-Suburban Housewife, Written from Exile in the Midwest

By Jullianna Juliesse

Oh, spoonbridge and cherry

Love.

Oh, audacious blue rooster, ten
feet tall.

*Love brought me to this strange
planet.*

Oh, icons of the Twin Cities—

Where the land is too flat, the roads
too wide—

The highways twist over you,
confused grey concrete entrails.

Where cars move too quickly, people
too slowly.

I pass you, each morning, on the
slow morning crawl to earn my
keep--

There is not enough time, energy, sex,
or money for it all.

Lyndale to Hennepin.

Love is not enough.

I know these signs, the turning
lanes, marked in green paint, still
half asleep.

I do my wash religiously, once a
week.

I change my sheets,

The red metal letters spell L O V E

To create order from the chaos.

For the wedding photographers and
the tourists' selfies.

I see the shattered eyes of children

The well-fed geese fold themselves
under the cherry fountain mist.

In the homeless shelter where I work.

Displaced, thrown away, all of us.



Hey sweet, can I fix you some tea?

Would you like a cookie?

Why are you here?

Are you as lost as me?

Nothing I say, or do, can change a
God-damned thing.

Once I was someone's mother,

Someone's wife, someone's daughter,
someone's friend.

It is late September.

I count the wildflowers on the
highway's edge.

I remember my lush hydrangeas by
the sea, pink and blue cotton candy,

And the bell-sounds of long ago
halyards on their masts lulling me to
sleep.

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